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THE
Mistaken Beauty,
OR THE
L Y A R
A
COMEDY.

ACTED

By their MAJESTIES Servants

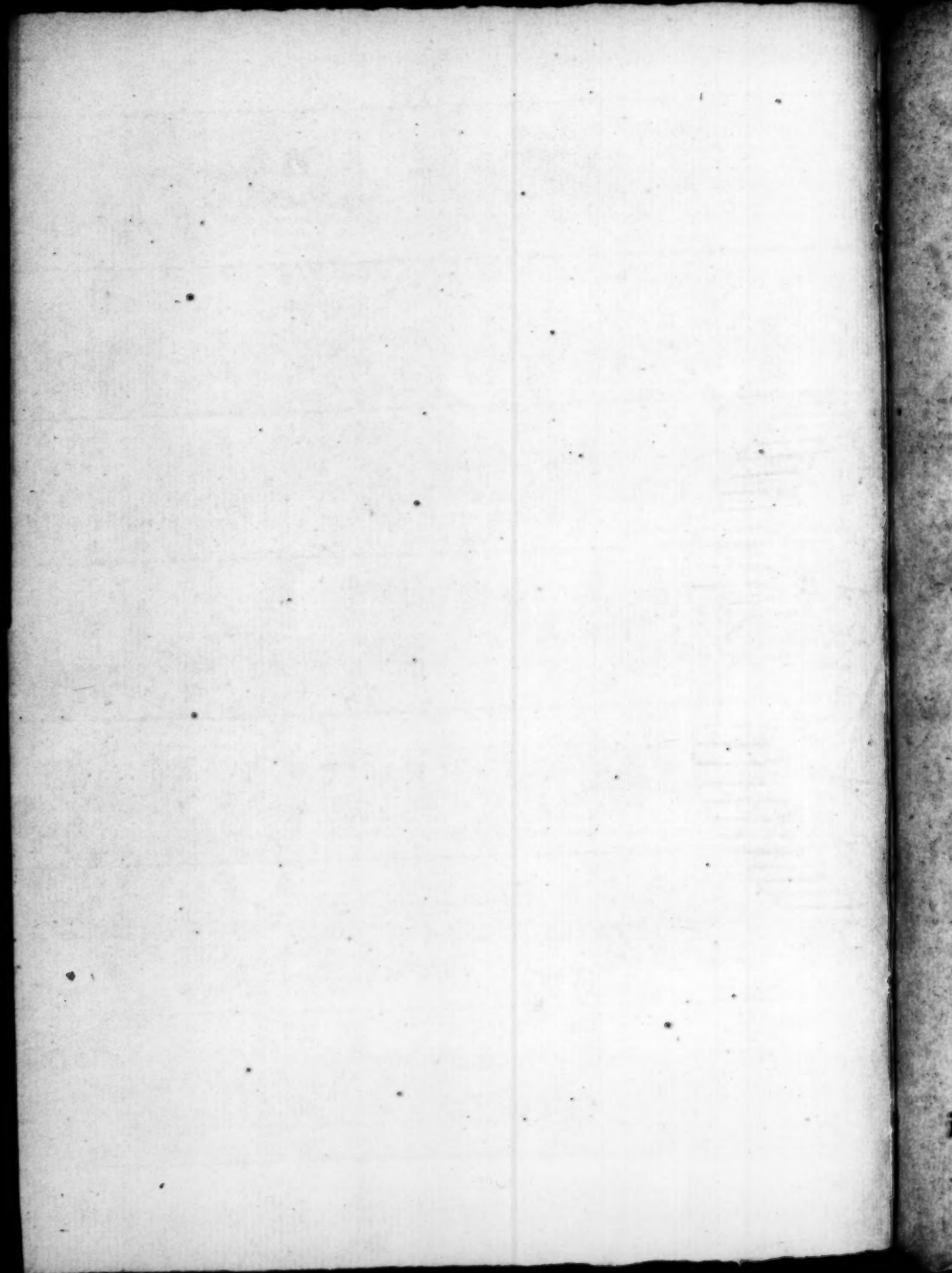


At The
ROYAL THEATRE

L O N D O N

Printed for Simon Neale, at the three Pigeons in Bedford-street
in Covent-Garden, over against the New Exchange M DC LXXXV.

2



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THE

Mistaken Beauty

OR THE

LYA R

COMEDY

ACTED

BY THE MASTERS

AT THE

ROYAL THEATRE

L O N D O N

Printed for Samuel Wale at the Theatre Royal in Dorset Street
in Covent Garden, over against the New Exchange MDC LXXXV

PROLOGUE,

THE ACTORS SPEAK

WE had rather have you Auditors to day,

Than only bare Spectators of our Play,

And exercise your Wits as well as Eyes,

The properest entertainment of the wise.

Mean time our Prologue to our Play to fit,

We'll say, it's dull, insipid, void of wit;

Lame, and deficient much, in every part,

Writ without judgment, plotted without art;

In fine, stark naught: but stay I lye, and they,

Must do so to, who discommend the Play.

The ACTORS Names

Geronte Father to Dorant.

Dorant his Son and **Lucretia's** Gallant.

Argante, **Geronte's** Friend.

Alcippe, Friend to **Dorant**, and **Lucretia's** Lover.

Philist, **Dorant's** and **Alcippe's** Friend.

Clyton, **Dorant's** Man.

Lycas, **Alcippe's** Valet.

The WOMEN.

Clarissa, **Alcippe's** Mistress.

Lucretia, her Friend.

Isabella, **Clarissa's** Woman.

Sabina, **Lucretia's** Chamber-Maid.

The Scene Paris.

THE
L Y A R

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Dorant, Clyton.

Dor. **I**N fine, I'm turn'd Gallant, and according to my desire my Father is content I should throw off the gown and leave the Law with all its *Quirks* and *Quillits*: and now we're in the *Thuilleries* here, this Land o'th better World and Gallantry; tell me *Clyton*, how do'st thou like this *Metamorphosis*, have I not quite put off the Scholar? who come from the Kingdome of the *Codes* like me have seldome the Meen and Air of Gallantry.

Cly. That General Rule Sir was not made for you, y'ave nothing of the Scholar in you, nor was *Bartolus* ever painted a this fashion; you look as you would make a Thousand jealous, and I foresee a grand misfortune hanging over the heads of many a married Man; and how d'ye like *Paris*?

Dor. The Air is pleasant and agreeable; and now methinks that Law was too severe, under pretence of study, banisht me so long from hence. But tell me thou who hast had the happiness to have liv'd here all this while, and knowest all their Divertisments, How should one gain the Ladies favours?

Cly. I marry Sir! I like you, That, as the Poet sings, is the Gentle Care of every Noble breast. But leaving Poets and Poetry, your stomach's up betimes I see, and your humor can't away with idleness, you long to be doing, you came to Town but yester night and to day y'ar seeking a Mistress; but I'm in a good posture and fine Reputation with ye am I not? that you should ask instructions of me, as if I were superintendant of the Ladies quarters, and profest Master of the Faculty.

Dor. Mistake not *Clyton* I mean honesty and wou'd only be acquainted with some of them to talk and be merry for my divertisement, and pleasantly passe away an hour or two sometimes.

Cly. I understand, and know y'ar no ways given to *Deboiserie*,
And wo'd scorn those VVho'd follow you,

At sound or tinkling of a Crown or two;

nor do you much care; for those sage *Cocquetts* confine their secret favours all

The Lyar.

to Talk, and all your pleasure to the eyes, the pastime's not worth the Candle--- 'tis not to pass, but cast on's Time away for Gallants to converse with such as they--- no, no--- y're of another Complexion I know; and would be glad with all your heart to meet with some of those Good vertuous Ladies; whose virtues, upon a good occasion, are not Incompatible with a little Vice, and you shall find of all sorts here--- mean Time what need you ask instructions of me! If I be'nt deceiv'd in Physognomy, you are no Novice, nor did the Law regulate your time so wholly to be always found with a Law-Book in your hand.

Dor. To confess the Truth *Clyton* I liv'd at *Poitiers* as other young Students do and had my share of all their pleasure too, but *Paris* and *Poitiers* are quite different, and as their Climate, so their manner of living is quite different too, I have known some there counted great Wits for admiring things, which here they would be laugh'd at for, and counted men o'th other World for their admiring them. I'th Country on's glad of any thing and Fools pass muster for want of wiser men: but here, where their eyes are not dazled with those false lights, 'tis requisite they have other qualities; and 'midst the number of so many eminent men on's ill look'd on, if he don't resemble them.

Cly. You don't know *Paris* yet I see, that's a great Mart or Fair, where you shall find install'd all sorts of Ware, and there is such deceit in them, as one may be as easily cozen'd here, as in any part of *France*: 'tis a great World where 'midst the confusion of all sorts who come from all parts hither, amongst your choice, as you have every where so y'ave at *Paris* here, your Refuse Ware, which, being hard to be distinguished, most commonly every on's esteem'd according to the rate he sets on himself, and so no doubt but they will esteem you too. But touching your Demand are you Liberal?

Dor. I'm no ways avaritious.

Cly. I ask because 'tis a great secret in Love, to know how to bestow on's gifts with discretion, otherwise you shall loose rather than gain; by it and oblige none by your liberality: the manner of giving's more than the Gift it self; here one in Gaming cunningly disguises his presents under the name of loss, another there forgets a Jewel behind him, he knows wou'd ne'r have been accepted had it been presented; a liberal Fool gives presents to his Miltriss as he were giving Alms; and so in doing every thing out of time he disobliges instead of obliging them.

Dor. Leaving those Fools thou declaim'st against, who are these Ladies canst tell?

Cly.

Cly. Alas Sir, Ideal is no such costly ware, they're too high game for such as I to fly at; but I shall easily learn of their Coachmen.

Dor. Do'st think he'll tell thee?

Cly. I, all he knows. And more than you desire to know to, if he be a right Coachman.

Scena 2. *Clarissa, Lucretia, Isabella, Dorant.*

Cl. Ah,

Dor. Lady this mischance of yours has been a happy chance for me in affording me the occasion of rendering you this little service. { *She stumbles and Dorant lends her his hand*

Cl. Sir the happiness this occasion has afforded you is so small, y've just reason to count it none at all.

Dor. True Lady, I owe it wholly unto chance, nor has your desires nor my deserts any part in it, which make me esteem my self not much more happier than I was before, since all the Favour y've granted me (in fine) had been denied to any desert of mine.

Cl. I'm of opinion one shou'd esteem a benefit the more, the less th've deserv'd it, since a gift is more than a recompence, & consequently our obligation;

Favour that's merited is in a manner bought,

Whilst that we ne'r deserv'd do's cost us nought:

And the greatest happiness merit can pretend unto,

Is just like *Hirelings* to be paid for what they do, besides this way we obtain with ease, what we cannot without much labour and difficulty, the other.

Dor. Think me not Lady so presumptuous to imagine by any merit or desert of mine to deserve your least of Favours; I better know to set the right value and esteem on them than so, and the less I deserve them count my happiness the more I know too, how without injury you might have denied them me; if then my heart repine 'tis only for being so unhappy in my happiness you shou'd oblige me without design—it is the intention, sets value on the Act and a kind of undervaluing things

To do them without it, the favour then is but small,

To give me y'r hand, 'less you give me your Heart withall;
and judge how little nourishment that fire receives,

That Amorous fire inkindled in my brest,

By giving me your hand and denying me the rest.

Cl. That fire you speak off sir's so new to me as now I only see the fire-sparks of it; and though your heart perhaps may burn so soon, yet know

The Lyar.

Sir mine requires a longer Time : but now I see your flame, mine perhaps may burn hereafter too by sympathy ; mean time you can't in justice blame me not to know what I was wholly ignorant off till now.

Scena 3. *Clyton, Dorant, Clariana,
Lucretia, Isabella,*

Dor. That's the effect of the misfortune every where persecutes me, that I should be here e'r since I left the *German Wars* almost a year, Night and Day seeking the occasion to make my Love known t'ye now in *promenades*, and now in *Balls*, and giving ye *serenades*, and never find that happiness till now.

Cla. And have you been in the *German Wars* then ?

Dor. I have Lady, nor was lightning more impetuous, nor Thunder there more formidable than I.

Cly. What's all this ?

Dor. In all which time no Battle e'r was fought, nor Siege e'r laid to any place, but all the Glory of the Victory was principally attributed to me, witness the *Gazette*---

Cly. Why Mr. what mean you? are you mad ?

Dor. Hold your peace, or---

Cly. You came but yesterday from *Poitiers*, the Devil take me else.

Dor. Go to, I say-- Yes Lady, for that short time I follow'd the Wars I well may glory without vanity, none ere acquir'd a greater name than I.

Cla. And how came you to relinquish so Noble, so Gallant an exercise ?

Dor. That's the effect only of your fair Eyes, when returning the last Winter from the *Campania* to make my Court at *Paris* here, seeing you Lady, you soon made me (in fine) your Prisoner, who had mad many mine, since when abanddoning all those noble cares, I formerly employed in the Wars, Commanding Armies, Conquering Enemies,

With Thousand famous exploits, the Wars now done

I employed them all in serving you alone.

Isa. Madame yonder's *Aleippe*, he'll be jealous.

Cla. Well Sir, another time we shall have leisure to hear more, now I must take my leave,

Dor. And will you so soon deprive me of all my happiness ?

Cla. Excuse me Sir, notwithstanding the pleasure I take to hear my self flatter'd ; I must needs be gone and make a turn or two in the Walks alone.

Dor.

Dor. Grant me permission at least before you go to be your servant and always to love you.

Cla. Who are resolv'd to Love and know
What belongs to loving too,
need ask leave of no body else for that beside themselves.

Scena 4.

Dorant, Clyton,

Dor. Do you follow 'em Clyton?

Cly. That needs not Sir; for the Coachman has told me all, the handsomer of the two is his Mistress, she's called *Lucretia*, she lodges in the place.

Dor. What place?

Cly. The place Royal.

Dor. Oh!

Cly. The other whose name he does not know is lodg'd there too; I shall easily find her out.

Dor. No matter, suffices I know the fair *Lucretia*, the handsomer of the two, she whom I had the happiness to entertain.

Cly. By Your favour Sir I rather think the other's she.

Dor. What she who stood mute all the while and never spoke a word?

Cly. Oh Sir, that's so rare a quality and perfection in a Woman to hold her peace, such a miracle in nature; such a prodgy in Earth, and such a particular grace in Heaven, especially in this Age we live in, as for me who was never married, nor ever am like to be, I shou'd prefer one with that quality only, though as ugly and deformed as an old Baboon, to all the perfections of Women-kind; wherefore Master seek another name for your Mistress if you please; for infallibility t'others *Lucretia*, and the handsomer of the two, or I'm an arrant Dunce and blockhead.

Dor. That I easily believe for all thy *boutades* and *flashes*; but see *Alcippe* my old acquaintance here, by their looks and Actions they seem to wonder at some what.

Scena 5.

Alcippe, Philist, Dorant, Clyton

Phil. How! Musick and Collation upon the Water?

Alc.

The Leger.

Alc. Collation and Musick.

Phi. Yester night?

Alc. Yester night!

Phi. And how?

Al. Magnificent enough.

Phi. And who should give it?

Al. Nay that I do not know.

Dor. Dear Friend! how happy am I in this encounter?

Al. And my happiness is no less to encounter you.

Dor. But I've been unmannerly to interrupt your Discourse: pardon my joy in seeing you.

Al. You have all power over your Friends Sir.

Dor. And of what were you discoursing I pray? may I not partake of it?

Al. Only of a certain Gallantry.

Dor. Some Love matter I warrant!

Al. I presume so.

Dor. What was't? the name of Love and Gallantry has awak'd my longing and curiosity to know it.

Al. Why we were talking of a Collation and Musick given to a Lady on the Water.

Dor. Good--- oft times the Water makes the Fire burn more.

Al. Sometimes it does.

Dor. And when was this?

Al. Yester night.

Dor. Proper--- fires always shine brightest in the Night; they knew well how to chosse their time it seems: and was the Lady handsome?

Al. Many think her so.

Dor. And the Musick!

Al. None of the worst.

Dor. And Collation!

Al. Excellent well order'd!

Dor. And don't you know all this while who gave it? Ha, ha, ha.

Al. Why d'ye laugh?

Dor. To see you so admire a sorry divertisment of mine.

Al. Of yours? Why did you give it?

Dor. Even I my self.

Al. And have you got a Mistress already then?

Dor. I had but small address else having been a month or more in Town, though for certain reasons I seldom stir'd abroad by Day, and only made my

my visits *Incognito* by night, not to have got a *Mistress* all this time.

Cly. Why Master d'ye know what you say?

Dor. Hold your peace, and if ever I catch you interrupting me again.

Cly. It makes me mad to hold my peace and hear him lye a this manner.

Phil. What luck have you?

To have your Rival himself, discover himself unto you?

Dor. As to my dear Friends, now I'll tell you all, of five Barges expressly I had prepar'd, I dispos'd four Consorts of Musick, in four of them; Violins in the first, Lutes and Voyces in the second, Flutes in the third, and Hoboy's in the last;

Who playing by turns so Ravished our Ears,

It seem'd the very Harmony of the Spheres.

The first, and most capacious of all,

Serv'd us for our Banqueting House, or Hall.

Contrived so with interlaced Boughs,

For freshnefs sake it seem'd a Summer House.

At each corner were Festons of Jessamine,

With other verdurs, Orange-flowers and Granadine;

Thither I led the Lady I adore;

Attended on, by some five Beauties more,

and presently in all pompeous manner the Collation was served in.

it were long to tell you the several Services, Number of the Dishes, and order of every Mess: suffices it, In this delicious Room, there were six services, twelve Dishes at every one:

While the Air, the Water, and adjoyning shores,

Escho'd the Musick which the Barges bore;

Risen from Table suddenly did appear

Fire-works o'th Bank-side darted in the Air,

And Thousand Thousands flying now upright;

And now across did make a day of Night;

In which Deluge of flames you would admire,

To see th' Element of water turn'd to fire;

This past, and done we danced the rest o'th Night,

Passing the time with infinite delight

Till Day, when I waited on the Ladies home,

And so we finish'd our Collation.

Al. I must needs say Sir, you have an admirable faculty in recounting

wonders; And *Paris* as great as 'tis has seldome seen a Banquet like to this.

Dor.

The Lyar

Dor. Alas, I was surpriz'd, and had only an hour or two's warning, to prepare it, else that had been far more splendid and magnificent.

Phi. The order was rare and exquisite, and the expence must needs have been Excessive and Immenſe.

Dor. A ſlight Toy not worth the ſpeaking off.

Al. Well, fare ye well ſir, we ſhall meet another time at more lieſure.

Dor. I am your Servant ſir, and I beſeech you count me ſo.

Al. I can die with jealousie *Philiff.*

Phi. Faith and y'ave ſmall reaſon; for the particulars of this Collation agree but ill with the particulars of the Page.

Al. The hour and place agree at leaſt, the reſt is nothing.

Scena 6.

Dorant, Clyton.

Cly. Now Sir, may I freely ſpeak to you, without offence?

Dor. Thou mayeſt, and thou mayeſt chooſe too whether thou wilt or no: but look, before company you be leſs ſaucy hereafter.

Cly. Is it your Cuſtome to Reve thus when you talk?

Dor. How Reve?

Cly. Nay Sir I ſpeak with reſpect unto you; in any other but your ſelf I ſhould call it plain ſpeaking.

Dor. Fool thou haſt no wit.

Cly. Faith Sir, for that little I have you'd make me loſe it to hear you talk a this manner, of Wars and Banquets, and conſorts of Muſick, and I know not what: I like you, you fight without any danger yet, and make Feaſts without any Coſt; but why I wonder ſhou'd you ſain y'ad been in Town ſo long?

Dor. Why but the more to endear my affection?

Cly. And what had the Wars to do with that?

Dor. Simple! twou'd have been a fine Complement wou'd it not? to ſay Ladies I am lately come from the University, and if y'ave any need of the Laws, or of the Rubriques, I know the whole Codex, and Authenticks too; the Old and New digeſt, the inſortiat Baldus Juſon, Accuſius and Aleiat; this brave diſcourſe now would render one very conſiderable in Ladies company and mollifie the Hearts of the moſt inexorable: wou'd it not? and a Paragraph-man wou'd make a fine Gallant for Ladies! no the Title of the Valiant is that introduces us into their favour, ſtrait, and makes them admire

admire us too; they love Souldiers, and love to hear them talk of Angles, Lines, Fortifications, strange names of Men, Cities and Nations; which the less they understand more it amazes 'em: All the Art is in setting a good Face upon't, Lying handfomly and Swearing with a good Grace.

Cly. But when they know all this is but a Lye?

Dor. When once I've gain'd access by't, what care I; and for any other misfortune, if any importunately come to trouble me, 'tis but saying we speak by Intelligence, this 'tis to make Love *a la Mode* now.

Cly. These are Mysteries too high for me, I understand them not; but touching your Feast, you'd prove an excellent maker of Romances (without doubt) and never *Urganda* nor *Melusin* with all their enchantments could furnish a Kitchen half so soon, nor half so well as you have done: I perceive these lofty Fictions are natural unto you.

Dor. I profess I take delight when your great Talkers and Tellers of Wonders think to amaze me with Stories they Tell, to make them presently more wonder at Stories I Tell 'em again thou canst not imagine the pleasure I take

To turn their own Wonders home

Unto themselves and strike these Talkers dumb.

Cly. I doubt not but that ye take great pleasure in't; but wo'nt this engage you in quarrels sometime or other?

Dor. If't do I must disengage my self as well as I can again, but this idle discourse, has retarded me from seeking the Lady:

Come Clyton follow me and I'll teach thee more

Art how to live, than e're thou knew'st before.

Finis Actus Primi

C

Actus

The Lyar.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Geronte, Clarina, Isabella.

Cl. I doubt not of his worth Sir,
nor needs there farther commendation; it is sufficient he is your
Son; but yet I shou'd appear too greedy and avidous of marriage,
(however worthy he were) to take a Husband on credit
whom I ne'r had seen before:

On the other side, to admit his Visits and Courtship in quality of a Suiter;
suppose the marriage went not on it wou'd but expose me to affronts
and derision.

Wherefore I desire to see him first, and see him so,

As whether the marriage go on or no,

It may be no prejudice to my Fame and me.

Ger. It is but just and reasonable, and you declare
your self *Clarina*, as discreet as fair,

In your demand, I'll go fetch *Dorant* then,

And within this hour return with him agen,

and take occasion to make a stand just under your window, that you may
thoroughly survey him; mark but his Person, Port and Prefence, and
you shall see, though he came but yesterday a Scholar from the University
few Courtiers have better *Air* and *Meen* than he;

but of this your self be judge (after common Fame) for me his Father
I may be partial in his Commendations, for the desire I have

To see him wedded, being my only Son,

And wish him Married unto you alone.

Cl. You much honour me Sir,

in making so worthy a choice for so unworthy a person,
and in confidence of your commendations; have a longing desire to see him.

Scena,

The Lyar.

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Scena, 2.

Clarina, Isabella,

Isa. So, without engaging your self you are resolv'd to see him then,

Cl. I am *Isabella*;

but alas! what can I judge of him by seeing of him so?

I shall see his outward form 'tis true,

But that is nothing left I see his interior too.

our eyes are but flattering glasses, to make things appear far fairer than they are; but pleasing impostures that shew them without, far contrary to what they are within;

and oftentimes we find a noble Presence with an ignoble mind: Our eyes then are to have the first choice still, but not the last; and we are not to displease them, on pain of our disquiet, nor to please e'm so again to be wholly rul'd by 'em; finally 'tis more safe

To believe them when they refuse,

Then oftimes when they choose;

especially in choice of this marriage chain,

(May bind us all our lives perhaps to one,

From whom we may have horror and aversion)

(which well consider'd *Isabella* shou'd make us more fear, than desire it,) we had need of more faithful Councillors than our Eyes; as for me, being to choose a Master, I'm resolv'd to see him before I make choice of him; and see him so that I may behold both his exterior and interior.

Isa. Best speak with him than.

Cl. But *Alcippe* wou'd be jealous.

Isa. What matter, so you have *Dorant*, whether he be or no?

Cl. No, I have not yet so great an indifferency for him to set so light by his jealousy,

'tis now a year since we were contracted, and's Father's presence only expected here for final conclusion of our marriage;

who makes so many delays, pretending now business, now danger of

the Ways, from *Tours* hither ;
 now indisposition, and now unseasonableness of the time :
 as I begin, in fine to suspect the delays, and take them for neglect, mean
 while I'm not in humor to die for constancy :
Virginitie is a commodity will hardly off, if it be kept too long,
each hour it abates and diminishes of its price ;
Time won't be dallyed with, Maids are contemn'd when they grow old ; and
though

Nothing's more glorious than a Virgins name,
 (Grown stale yet) nothing's more a Virgins shame.

Isa. And wou'd you forsake *Alcippe* for another then ?

Cl. Yes if I lik'd that other better than him ;

but e're I forfook him I'de be sure of one,

That shou'd supply his place, when he were gone ;

and one who'd instantly marry me :

Elle Alcippe (what ever may befall)

Would make a better husband than none at all,

Isa. I'll tell you how you shall do then, *Lucretia's* your friend, and
 will do any thing for you, get her to send a Letter to *Dorant* to come
 and speak with her to night, at her window,
 so you may speak with him, under her name, and none be jealous, nor he
 ever suspect 'tis any one but she.

Cl. I like th' Invention well, and *Lucretia* I'm sure at the first word
 will doo't,

so by this stratagem I may see *Dorant* and freely converse with him.

Isa. Now I think on't, you freely enough to day convers't with
 that strange Gentleman ;

and if I ben't deceiv'd, lik't his Conversation too well enough.

Cl. And if *Dorant's* do like me but as well, I shou'd have but small
 difficulty to leave *Alcippe* for him.

Isa. Peace don't name him, he comes here.

Cl. His coming troubles me--- but go you to *Lucretia's* and as you
 have advis'd ; Ple, leave the manngement of all to you.

Alcippe, Clarina.

Al. Ah *Clarina, Clarina!*

Cla. What's the matter?

Al. False, inconstant *Clarina!*

Cla. Has he over heard me? or heard of this intended marriage?
what ayl you? you sigh so.

Al. You make as if you did not know! ask of your own Conscience
and that will inform you.

Cla. Speak softly, my Father comes.

Al. Your Father comes! false-hearted dissembling Woman, you fear
your Father now I am here,
but all Night on the River you had no fear at all of him,

Cla. What all night on the River? I understand you not.

Al. Can you ask me without blushing?

Cla. What shou'd I blush for?

Al. Methinks you shou'd even die for shame to hear me name
these two words t'ye.

Cla. What deadly Charme have these two words I pray? that I
shou'd die with hearing them?

Al. Can you hear them and desire to hear more, or can't
you blush unless I tell you all?

Cla. What all?

Al. Why, all your Revels last Night.

Cla. What Revels? hang me if I know what you mean.

Al. When I'm with ye, your Father comes, an excellent excuse! but
you can be with others all night and he ne'r thought upon,

Cla. Why *Alcippe* are you mad?

Al. Knowing what I know you were enough (I confess) to make
me so; yes all night, untill Morning,
I speak of no longer agon, than Yester night.

Cla. D'ye Reve? or Rail? or what's the Mystry?

Al. The mystry is somewhat new and strange, (I grant you) but

not

The Lyar.

not so secret as you imagine it ;
for insinuate your Gallant has told me all ; you see what discreet Gallants
you make choice of.

Cla. What Gallant ?

Al. *Dorant.*

Cla. *Dorant !*

Al. 'Tis very good ! fain your self ignorant still, do.

Cla. If ever I saw him---

Al. And was not his Father here just now with you ?

'Tis well, go on and pass the Day with the Father, and the Night with
the Son, 'tis very well.

Cla. His Father and mine are Old Acquaintance.

Al. And was't for that I pray, that he was here ?

I, now you blush, when you know not what to say ; needs there any
more yet to convince you ?

Cla. As for his Son, protest I never saw his Face.

Al. Very likely, but yet however it was night you could not but see
him by the Fire-works light ; or had you no liellure perchance to look on
him for admiring his sumptuous Feast,

of six Services, and twelve Dishes at least at every one ? Or did the
Dancing and Musick so wholly take up your Attention ?

you could not mind him ! yet you might have seen him by day at least ;
for 'twas bright day ere you broke up your Feast ;
have I told you enough yet ? to make you understand my meaning,
and blush, and die for shame.

Cla. What at a fain'd Story ?

Al. Belike I am a *Lyar* then !

a humorous Coxcomb ! a jealous *Al* ?

Cla. Somebody infallibly has abus'd you--- *Alcippe* credit me,

Al. Come, come ne'r seek excuses, I know your tricks well enough,
but 'twill not serve you turn ; farwell, enjoy *Dorant*,
Love him, Adore him, let me alone, and ne'r think of *Alcippe* more.

Cla. But hear me a word or two before you go.

Al. No, no, your Father comes.

Cla. He do's not, I did but jest, but stay till I've abus'd you at least.

Al. Well on condition you instantly marry me and give me your
hand, and faith, and two Kisses to boot, I care not if I do.

Cla.

Cl. And will no less do't?

Al. Two kisses, no less, and those of your kindest ones;
nay quickly dispatch.

Cl. I cannot, *My Father comes.*

Scena, 4.

Alcippe.

Al. Go then, and mock my Anger, do,
Make sport at my rage and me, till with indignity
Thou break my bands and chains, and set'st me free;
turn my deluded fires to Ice; and in their stead, let my just Anger burn;
mean while

Ple seek your Gallant out, and make him feel

The dire effects of my revengful steel;
short shall be your joy of him, his blood, and mine both in one stream
shall run; e'r he shall glory in possession of any thing was mine--
but see he comes here, and's Father with him; my gall rises at sight of
him, and all my friendship turns to hate,
but this is not a time nor place.

Scena, 5.

Geronte, Dorant, Glyon:

*{ The Ladies at the Window
most part of this Scene.*

Ger. Stay *Dorant*, and let's rest a while.
I'm weary and out of breath with walking; and what think you of
these buildings? are they not fair?
and the Architecture excellent and rare?

Al. *Paris* appears to me

A City of some Romance, or Inchaned Ne.

I left a *Desart* and find so built the while.

As if some *Amphion* without *Masons* Aid,
Had all its *Palaces* out o'th *quarries* made.

Ger. *Paris* every day beholds as strange *Metamorphoses*, as these,
to see whole *Temples* and *Palaces* you'd swear that *Kings* and *Gods*,
did only inhabit here: but leaving this Discourse—
you know *Dorant* how much I love you?

Dor. I do, and am most happy in the knowledge of it.

Ger. In a word then— Considering the danger that youth and
honour may dayly expose you to, i'th perilous course you have taken
having no other Son but you
to give some allay unto your youthful heat,
and to prevent that honorable danger I am resolv'd to marry you.

Dor. Oh dear *Lucretia*.

Ger. And have chosen a Wife for you, both Noble, Rich and
Handsome.

Dor. I beseech you Sir take some longer Time to consider on't.

Ger. There needs no further consideration;
all *Paris* affords not a better nor sitter choice than the fair and vertuous
Clarissa; whose Father (my Ancient friend) and I have already con-
cluded the marriage— why d'ye look so strangely?

Dor. Alas Sir you make me tremble to think o'th heavy weight
I'm to under-go, ere my youthful years have force and strength enough
to support the burthen.

Ger. Go to, leave these excuses for I'll have it so.

Dor. No ways to prevent it---

Aside.

what Sir wou'd you have me marry now e're I've gain'd an
honourable Fame by War-like deeds, unto our House and Name?

Ger. I marry will I Sir, e're by your War-like deeds you come
fairly to be knockt o'th head, Pde have you marry and get an Heir
to inherit in your stead when you are gone
and be a comfort unto me, and support unto our House and Name,
d'ye see? come ne'r dispute of't, for I'll have it so.

Dor. But what if't be impossible Sir?

Ger. How impossible!

Dor. I humbly at your feet Sir demand your pardon, for I'm---

Ger. What?

Dor. Being at *Poitiers*---

Ger. What?

Dor. Since you'll needs have it Sir, I'm--- married already!

Ger.

The Lxx.

Thieves, and Murther, and presently return'd again and three or four
with him, all with drawn Swords, when instantly drawing mine,
I soon had made my way through the midst of them, had not my Sword
unfortunately broke in three pieces; after which seeing no other way,
I retir'd back again into her Chamber, when she recovered by this time, out of her care of me,
just as I enter'd, clapt to the Door, and shut them out; when they more
furious grown, strait went about to break the door open, and we as fast
within to Barricado it, with Tables, Chairs and Chests,
and all we cou'd heap against it:

In fine, this Seige we held out long to gain Time, and respite Danger,
till at last breaking down the Wall upon us, I was at last unarm'd and
defenceless, sent in to come to composition with them for my life.

Ger. Which was, in plain English, to marry her.

Dor. True sir--- and how could I do less taken as I was alone with
her by night? The scandal great,
the danger of her honour and my life most evident,
and they the stronger; but above all, her beauty made more lovely
by her Tears;

And Love chiefly in that occasion shown

More careful of my safety than her own,
was that which chiefly conquer'd me, and made me yield
willingly to do what I did else best could use and marry her strictly.

So voiding danger, and rendering all parts content.

To which I humbly here beg your consent.

My Love and Affection being to her so great.

And she so every wayes deserving it.

You must resolve to see me married.

And honestly, or else so far me dead.

Ger. Heaven forbid I shou'd be so hard-hearted, and unnatural,
especially thou having done nothing but what I shou'd have done my self
in thy Estate;--- all that I blame in thee is only that have so long conceal'd
from me your Marriage.

Dor. Alas, I durst not tell you, Sir, by reason she was so rich.

Ger. Suffice she loves you, and you love her; and if she
be so well born, discreet and fair, as you report her,
and have such store of other perfections, she's rich enough and I desire
no more.

Farerwell, I'll to my Father straight and disengage my promise
of

of marrying you unto his Daughter.

Scena 5

Dorant, Clyton.

Dor. Now Clyton,
have I not finely gull'd and cozen'd the Old man,
with astory of mine own Invention? ----
some fools now, in my Case wou'd not have known
what to have done, but whyn'd and cry'd
and suffered themselves to be married against their wills;
thou see'st now how necessary it is to lye sometimes to purpose.

Cly. And was all this but a Lye then?

Dor. Not a word of it true, but all invented purposely to prevent my
Marriage with Clarissa.

Cly. The Watch, the Sword, and Pistol!

Dor. All, said I
and only a Master-piece of mine own Invention!

Cly. For Heavens Love Mr. Then, if ever you'd oblige your poor ser-
vant, give me some sign hereafter when you go about to lye
and play any of these Master-pieces any more;
for though, I know you pretty well,
protest yet I was deceiv'd.

Dor. Well never fear, thou shalt be so no more,
I'll make thee hereafter, the Secretary of all my Thoughts,
and Cabinet of all my Secrets.

Cly. And with all these qualities I fear

I shall hardly keep my self from being deceiv'd by you agen;
but touching your Amours Master ---- this Lady.

Tell him I shall not fail;
 why this is pretty ! I arriv'd here but yester Night,
 and to day's the first sight of me, yet I've got
 a Mistress, a Marriage, and a Quarrel already;
 I want but a Procel to make an end of me:
 Om ! I'd forbid any in so short a Time,
 to have more business on their backs at once,
 or more difficult and dangerous on's;
 send me good luck with them ---- but let's go see
 what my old Friend *Alcippe* wou'd have with me.

Finis Actus Secundus

Actus tertius. Scena prima.

Dorant, Alcippe, Phillis.

Phil. **Y**'Ave both done as befits valiant men, and I'm most glad it was my happy chance to arrive here in time to part you, and make you friends, whilst you were on equal terms, and no advantage on either side ---
Somewhat a rare Adventure.

Dor. To me I'm sure it was, who fought with as much Phlegm, as he with Choller all this while, not knowing the reason why, which pray *Alcippe* now declare, that if you have conceiv'd any causeless jealousy, or any by false reports has injur'd me, I, before him may clear my innocence.

Al. You know it well enough ---

Dor. May I perish if I do, or ever (as I know of) said, or did any thing that might offend you.

Al. Since you'll needs have it, d'ye think it was no offence, to have given Ball, Musick, and Collation, to Night, to a Lady I long had lov'd, and now was just on terms to make my wife? --- And more to increase the injury and disgrace,

To have boasted of it too before my face; and how you had lain privately in Town this month, upon design only to do me thus sensible affront: d'ye think all this (now) was no offence?

Dor. See how y^e are deceiv'd? and how little reason you have for your jealousy? She I gave a Treat to, is married, and one I'm sure you never saw, lately come to Town on some affairs. --- Does this satisfy you?

Al. How was I deceiv'd?

Dor. And if I had not given you sufficient proof of my valour already, and how I fear you not, I should not give you this satisfaction now.

Al. If this be so I am most glad, our quarrel's ended, and the atonement made.

Dor.

Dor. And so am I. But let me intreat you, *Alcippe*, hereafter to give less credit to your jealousy, and consider better what you do before you challenge any one, lest you begin there where you ought to end; and so I leave you, and am your Friend and servant.

Scena 2.

Alcippe, Philist.

Phi. What, sad still?

Al. Alas, I'm but recovered from one trouble, to fall into a greater; for who should have given this Musick and Collation to *Clarissa*, if he did not? or who should I call to account for it?

Phi. Whosoever gave it, assure your self, *Clarissa* was not she 'twas given unto, (as I'm credibly inform'd) but *Daphne* and *Hippolita*; and 'twas only your Pages Errour, who seeing *Clarissa* enter *Lucretia's*, and strait two Ladys mask'd come out again, take Coach, drive to the River side, light and take Barge there, a Collation brought and Musick too, imagin'd it was she and *Lucretia*; which being so, no wonder your Page, being first deceiv'd himself, shou'd afterwards (as he did) deceive you too.

Al. D'ye think it was no other wile?

Phi. I'm certain of't; nay more, am sure all night she ne'r stir'd our of door.

Al. This more and more troubles me.

What a wretch was I then, to quarrel and wrangle with her, as I did, for nothing?

Phi. For that I'll make your peace; as for *Dorant* the Author of all this trouble, who told us so many stories of his being in Town this month, and visiting *incognito*, an *incognita*, with all the particulars of his sumptuous feast, know he only yesterday came to Town, and all night too never stir'd from home.

Al. And what the Collation?

Phi. All a meer fiction; Or if he gave any 'twas only in a dream.

Al. It cannot be — *Dorant* is valiant, as by his brisk answer of my challenge in this last Encounter, I've experienc'd, and i'th' School of Valour men do not learn to lye; o'th' contrary a valiant man had rather dye

than suffer to foul aspersion and stain
to be fix'd upon his Name: wherefore I can't believe it.

Phi. *Dorant* it seems is Valiant by Nature,
and only a Lyar by Custom; however pray
hereafter cast this jealousy away,
and let us admire our own simplicity, cou'd believe a story so incredible,
that a Collation of six Services, twelve Dishes at every one,
four consorts of Musick, with Fire-works, and I know not what,
cou'd all be provided in an hour or two's time,
as if the Collation had been given in some of our Theatres,
and with machins let down from Heaven.

Those who could credit it, had far more faith than wit.
I saw this Fiction agreed but ill
with the Relation of the Page, how the Musick was but so so,
and the Collation only a Dish or two:
wherefore think no more on't.

Al. This was my blind jealousy now, that only sees
with the Eyes of false imagination, and believes all true that it imagines;
but leaving *Dorant* with his bold Fictions,
I'll to *Clarissa's* and ask her pardon.

Phi. Better stay till to-morrow, when I may have made your way
by telling her all this story, and making her laugh again
to see how finely we were deceiv'd by him.
The first heat of Choller's always most vehement,
and 'tis not fit you incur her full anger,
till I before-hand have dissipated it.

Al. And if the uncertain light of the Evening deceive me not,
I perceive her coming with *Isabella* there.
I'll follow your advice then and avoid her sight
till she may have laugh'd at my jealousy, and pardon it and me.

Scena, 3.

Clarissa, Isabella.

Cl. Come *Isabella* let's go to *Lucretia's*.

If. There's time enough, it is not yet so late,
You're much oblig'd to her; for no sooner I had told her what you desired
but

but instantly she dispatch'd *Sabina* with the Letter.

Cla. And I shall be as ready to serve her another time. But didst observe how this *Dorant* *Geronte's* Son, whom he commended so much, is the self-same Gentleman we saw in the Garden to day?

Is. I did, and was much surpriz'd at it, and so was *Lucretia*, who mark'd it as well as I.

And do you continue your resolution still of speaking with him?

Cla. I know not --- he does so lye.

Isa. And is that so strange? *Dorant* is not the first young Schollar, who boasts himself a Souldier, and tells you of Battails h'as fought, Sieges h'as been at, though never heard of 'em, but i'th' *Gazette*;

And forreign Countreys he had travell'd in, Which (but i'th' Map too) he had never seen to ingratiate himself with Ladies; knowing they love men o'th Sword, and love to hear them talk of wars and dangers they had pass'd, and like them, when they see 'em, make themselves not what they are, but what they'd have 'em be.

Cla. I know not what others are, but I'm sure he's a Master i'th' art of lying, and has made *Alcippe* quite mad with stories h'as told him, of musick and collation given me yesternight upon the water; judge you what likelihood, or where a word of it is true?

Isa. By this you may perceive how *Dorant* loves you, and how cunning a Lover he is, who knowing you lov'd *Alcippe*, first did set you two at variance, then presently did get his father, to speak to yours for you; so at once gaining the father, and in jealousing for the nonce your other Lover, to gain you, which he has done in fine, and your marriage is concluded on.

Cla. I, as much as ever 'tis like to be.

Isa. Won't you obey your father then?

Cla. Alas thou art quite wide, and understand'st nothing I see, of what is lately done; he's married unknown unto his father, who poor man came to mine with tears in his eyes, to break off the match betwixt us: now what say you of him?

Isa. If this be so, I'll say in my turn too, *Dorant* is an arrant Liar, and needs must take delight in lying,

who'd make such a lye as this without design? For more I think on't lest I comprehend what thou'd be his end in it; — but if this be so why will you go and speak with him? is't to chide him, or else to laugh at him?

Cl. 'Tis to tell him soundly of it, an't does me good to think how 'sham'd I shall make him.

Isa. Faith 'twould do me more good to make him starve i'th' cold, and never go.

Cl. No, --- I'll go only for curiosity — but soft I hear some coming, perhaps 'tis he, and through the obscurity of the Evening he may chance to know me.

I'll to *Lucretia's* then, and there I may freely speak with him, without all fear of being known, whilst he'll take me for her, — *Alcippe* I perceive is like to be the man must marry me at last, (do what I can) when once he's well cur'd of his jealousy, which he'll soon be when he knows as much as I.

Scena 4.

Dorant, Clyton.

Dor. This is the time and place mentioned in the Letter.

Gly. Well, I have told you how her Father's one of the long Robe, and she his only Daughter, as also what fortune she has, an ancient Servant of the house has told me all; and now Master, if *Lucretia* had but a Talent of Lying as well as you, or I thou'd of have excellent sport, to hear you two strive to deceive one another, tell story for story, and pay you in your own Coin, and give you as good as you brought agen, how I thou'd laugh?

Dor. No *Clyton*, I'd have thee know Heaven grants that favour but to few to lye as I do; they must have good memories, good wits, great care and industry;

And

And finally when they're put unto the puffs
Indeed, come readily off, and never blush ---
but soft the window opens --- let's draw nigh.

Scena 5.

*Clarissa, Lucretia, Isabella above,
Dorant, Clyton below.*

Cla. Isabella stand you centinal whilst I speak with Dorant.

Isa. I shall, and advertise you when any comes.

Luc. Yes, he recounted all your story to my Father---
but speak with him under my Name, and I'll be silent the while.

Cla. Who's there Dorant?

Dor. Yes, Lady, it is I,
your humble servant, and so I'll live and dye.

Luc. He goes on in making love to ye.

Cla. He goes on, with dissembling I'm sure on't---
I fear he'll know me by my voice.

Cly. Well, Master, I confess y'are in the right this once,
'tis she I'm certain now.

Dor. 'Tis I Lady who willingly would efface out of my lives account,
all other days I might have lived, without loving you,

Who find living, without seeing you, such a pain,

As 'tis not life but rather death again,

And such a lingring torment finally,

As whosoever suffers, needs must say,

There's no life but in loving fair *Lucretia*.

Cla. Hey day! now h'as about with you too;
he makes love by turns it seems to every one,

Luc. He loves to lye to every one by turns I'm sure.

Dor. In obedience then to your Commandment,

I'm come to offer my life here at your feet,

And shou'd dye most content so you'd accept of it.

Tell me Lady what you please to command me now?

Cla. I thought to speak with you about a certain business,
but now I find it impossible---'tis to no purpose.

The Liar

Dor. How impossible? nothing Lady that you command, can be impossible for me to do.

Cla. Excepting only to marry, for that you can't being married already.

Dor. How, I married? Ha, ha, ha! they only jeasted w^ye that told you so.

Cla. Was ever greater impostor?

Luc. He can do nothing else but lye.

Dor. No, far be it from me, and if any----

Cla. You think I believe you now?

Dor. May Thunder strike me dead, if ever I was--

Cla. Nay, I know all lyars are prodigal of their oaths.

Dor. No Lady, if y^eave any thought of me that may be balanc'd by this false report, let it no longer hold you in suspense, of what I can easily justifie to be true.

Luc. To hear how seriously, and with what asseveration he advances a lye, you'd think 'twere true.

Dor. To rid you of your doubt Lady, so you be pleas'd Ill marry you instantly.

Cla. And so you'd a Thousand more if they'd believe you.

Dor. Make but your words good and I shou'd be in such reputation here I shou'd have thousands to envy me.

Cla. In such reputation (no doubt of it) as he deserv'd Thou'd boast himself such a thunder-bolt of War yet ne'r was there, thou'd tell us he had been in *Paris* almost a year a courting Ladies, yet came but yesterday from *Poitiers*, who gives Musick, Collation, and Ball a nights to Ladies onth' water, yet all night at home sleeps quietly in his bed; and who finally sayes he's married, and presently unsayes it again:

this is a fine way now to get you credit and reputation! and tell me what's lying, I pray, if this, be none?

Cly. Now Master, I'll say y^eare your crafts-master indeed if you come well off here.

Dor. Fear not *Clydon*, every thing in its time. ---

Touching all these particulars, Lady I shall give you such reasons hereafter as I doubt not but will fully satisfy you. Now to come to the most important, --- I feign'd this marriage, (for why shou'd I make difficulty to confels that to you, you must needs commend in me) I feign'd it I say, and

and you blame me for't ; but what if you were the only occasion of't ?

Cl. I!

Dor. Pray hear me out ; the love I bear to you—

Cl. Pray master tell me if y^e are going about to lye or no ?

Dor. Hold your peace, Sirrah, or I'll pluck that saucy tongue of yours out of your head—

The love I bear to you, I say,
not permitting my father shou'd marry me to any one
but you alone—

Luc. Now he begins to tell a new lye, — hark.

Dor. I feign'd this marriage purposely to keep my self free
from marrying any one but you : now go —
and call me Lyar, and Impostor,

and what you will, so you call me your faithful Lover too ;
and blame me if you please for this feign'd marriage,
so by this Fiction I may conserve me constant to you alone.

Cl. I have reason to suspect this love Sir, 'tis so hot and vehement at
first ; for how cou'd my eyes inkindle in you so great a flame ?
y^e have seen but once and do not know me yet ?

Dor. How, not know you ! Is not your Mother dead ?
Is not your Father's Name *Pariander*, a grave and sober Counsellor ?
was not your Brother slain i^th' Wars of *Italy* ?
Had you not a Sister call'd *Julia* ? Now go,
and doubt I pray whether I know you yet or no.

Cl. Now Couzen I see plainly 'tis you
he means, and you he makes love to.

Luc. I would it were.

Cl. But I'll know all before I've done. —
Well, Sir, at importunity of some Friends I thought to speak with you con-
cerning *Clarissa*, and pray tell me, is't true you intend to marry her ?

Dor. How, I to marry her ? beseech you no more of this ;
I've discover'd t^ye the very bottom of my heart, where you must needs
see I feign'd this marriage only for love of you, for whom I've nothing but
affection, as I've nothing but aversion for *Clarissa*.

Cl. Yet let me tell you, Sir, she's not so contemptible as you make her,
and there are others don't despise her, though *Lucretia* seems the fairer in
your eyes.

Dor. I, sh^r'as one main fault though —

Cl. What's that ?

Dor.

Dor. Why, I can't abide her, that's enough, —
and for my part I swear, I'll be married in *Turkie* rather than marry her.

Cla. And yet they say you gave her your hand,
and courted her very amorously to day.

Dor. Who I? no such matter I protest.

Cla. D'ye hear the impostor? 'tis a wonder he does not swear.

Dor. May Heaven —

Cla. Did I not tell you?

Dor. May Heaven I say, ne'r prosper me,
if I spoke to any one but you to day.

Cla. I can no longer indure his impudence —

How dare you deny that and forswear it too,

Which I my self to day did see you do?

Hence avoid my sight, and pray know, I sent for you only to make sport
with you; who love to laugh and make me sport sometimes
with better wits than yours, I'd have you know.

Scena 6

Derant, Clyton.

Cly. Well, you see now all's discover'd.

Dor. I, and I'm almost at my wits end with it too.

Cly. Mean time you may glory in your good success, and how you
have gain'd a notable access

Unto your *Mistriss* by't; and if I be he
importunately with my presence troubles ye,
and makes you say all this by intelligence now. ---

Dor. Perhaps 'tis only so --- what thinkst thou?

Cly. I think 'tis a pretty perhaps.

Dor. Well, don't think for all this I'll quit my part of her.

Cly. Faith Master, if your part of her were to be sold, and ye chanc'd to
meet with a good Chapman for it, I'd counsel you
to let him have a good pennyworth of this hidden treasure by any means,
howver your hopes flatter you to the contrary.

Dor. Wonder! she should give no more credit to my Words yet?

Cly. Why, you Lye so abominably,

who can believe you?

Dor. But I told her nothing but the very truth.

Cly. I, but when a Lyar says it,
only passing through his mouth,
it loses all its credit.

Dor. I'll try then if from anothers mouth
she will believe it better, and treat me with
less rigour hereafter. ---

Their humours are as variable as the moon,
and sometimes they follow who fly 'em ;
sometimes agen.

fly those who follow 'em. --- Well, I'll to Bed,
and take counsel of my Pillow ;

To morrow 'twill be day.

And nights the best counsellor,--- let's away.

Finis Actus tertii.

Actus

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Dorant, Clyson.

Cly. Why Master, what mean you to rise so soon?

they are not up at *Lucretia's*, it is too early day.Dor. No matter, I've chose this place as most proper to
reve in, where beholding her window, I may entertain my amorous
thoughts, and wholly possess my mind with her dear *Idea*.Cly. Now you talk of reving Master,
have you bethought you of a remedy for your last disgrace yet?Dor. I have, and 'tis the same thou taughtest me yesterday for so sove-
reign and approved one, to be liberal enough ---Cly. Right, provided you rightly apply your liberality to some *Coquet*
or other. ---Dor. I understand, and know *Lucretia* is too noble and generous to take,
or to be ta'en with gifts and presents : but her Maids have hands
and tongues too, that may be untied with Bribes.And howsoever she disapprove it, she has Ears too, to hear 'em when they
speak ; and it shall go hard, but I'll gain some of 'em, and she who brought
me the Letter yesterday I think the fittest ;
whom I do not doubt to gain if I pay her well for her pains, as I intend.Cly. I'll warrant ye master, for 'tis my own humour right,
to be always most kind and complacent to those who give most,
and count them my chiefest friends.

Dor. There are enough of thy humour.

Cly. But master, in attending *Sabina* and the operation of our remedy,
have you heard the Rumour of *Alcippe's* Duel ?

Dor. No, with whom ?

Cly. Some say with you ;
and but I can be answerable for you all this day,
I should believe it else.Dor. And did not I send thee to *Lucretia's* ?Cly. Umh -- and wast for that you sent me ?
I begin to smell somewhat.

Dor

Dor. Yes faith 'twas I that fought with him, though I resolv'd to keep it secret; but from thee, the only Secretary of my thoughts, and Cabinet of all my secrets, I can conceal nothing. Know then, about some five or six months since we had a quarell at *Poitiers*, where though we were seemingly reconcil'd, there past a secret Engagement 'twixt us two to fight next time we met; and feigning to embrace we whisper'd a Challenge into each others ears; when sending thee away, away we went without any Seconds; and in a pals or two I quickly dispatch'd my Gentleman, running him twice through the body and leaving him out of all danger of ever being sick again; and wett'ring in's gore.

Cly. And did you kill him then?

Dor. Dead, dead, and so I left him.

Cly. Introth I'm sorry for't, he was a very honest Gentleman. Alack! alack!

Scena 2.

Alcippe, Dorant, Clyton.

Al. Dear friend! happily met, I come to make thee partaker of my joy; my father—

Dor. What of him?

Al. Is newly arriv'd.

Dor. I thought he had been dead I, thou wert so glad; this is a new and extraordinary kind of joy in a son like thee, for a Fathers arrival.

Al. I should have told thee (but that a mind wholly preoccupied with joy, imagines every one knows it as well as they) that my marriage with *Clarissa* only attended his arrival for its final accomplishment, and now at last he's happily arriv'd.

Dor. How could I imagine this? but I'm most glad, and congratulate your happiness.

Cly. This place is proper for you to Reve in, Sir.

Dor. And you'r going thither now?

Al. I am.

and could not but make you participate of the good news by the way.

Dor. Y'ave much oblig'd me in't.

Cly. All those you kill'd, Sir, are alive and well you see.

Dor. So then you fear no farther impediments in your Amours?

Al. How can I? All parties being so well agree'd.---Dear friend, pardon the impatience of a Lover; I've left my father reposing himself after his Voyage, and have taken the occasion to visit my Mistress the while: farwell.

Dor. Farwell and may your marriage prove as happy and fortunate as you desire.

Scena 3.

Dorant, Clyton.

Cly. And is this he that's dead? well, Master, I did not think you'd have us'd me thus, *the only Secretary of your thoughts, and Cabinet of all your secrets*: but I perceive with all these qualities, one shou'd have much ado not to be deceiv'd by you.

Dor. Dost think this combat then was nothing? and only a story of mine own invention?

Cly. I can't tell, I shou'd be glad to believe any thing rather than displease you, Sir, but you invent so many every day, and every where, as 'tis a particular grace of heaven if any escape being deceiv'd by you: You spare none, Turk, Jew, nor Christian, all's one to you.

Dor. Why shou'dst thou think it so strange *Alcippe* shou'd be recover'd so soon o'th dangerous wounds I gave him? Didst never hear of that source of life call'd by us Warriours the *Sympathetique Powder*, that every day works such strange and miraculous effects?

Cly. But none so strange and miraculous as this, that a man twice run through the body, and left in the field for dead, should next day appear abroad, all whole, and sound.

Dor. I grant you, your ordinary *Sympathetique Powder* works none of these strange effects? but *Clyton*, I have the Receipt of making one

with

vvith *Promethian* fire, shall recall a man from death to life again, in the twinkling of an Eye.

Cly. Teach me the Receipt Sir, and I'll promise you to serve you *gratis* hereafter.

Dor. Why, I will, and make thee rich for ever; but now I think on't the secret consists in certain *Hebrew* Words so hard, and difficult to pronounce, as 'twould be a treasure wholly cast away upon thee.

Cly. And can you speak *Hebrew* then?

Dor. That I can, and nine or ten other languages besides.

Cly. Faith, and so y'ad need, and good sound ones too, to tell so many Lyes: You mince them as small as Herbs to the Pot, and must needs be full of verity within, for I never saw any yet come out of you.

Dor. Pitty thy ignorance, but see my Father here.

Scena 4.

Geronte, Dorant, Clyton.

Ger. O *Dorant*, I have been looking for you!

Dor. But I look'd not for you, what mischievous luck had I to meet with him

aside.

Ger. Considering the strait union of marriage, methinks I have not consented at all to thine, to suffer thee to live so long from thy wife; and be th' occasion of seperating those Heaven has comjoyn'd; I'm thinking then to write to your Father-in-Law, how glad I am to understand you'r married to so fair and virtuous a Gentlewoman as his Daughter; and how I count our Family highly honour'd, with the alliance it has with his.

Dor. Your Civilities sir, will much surprize him.

Ger. And signifie withall the longing desire I have to see her here; and how I intend to send you for her; for to send a servant wou'd have no grace, and shew a want of respect and esteeme of her.

Dor. You may do your pleasure, sir, and I'm ready to undertake the Voyage; but 'twill be to no purpose, for I'm sure he wont let her come.

Ger. How so?

Dor. Why -- she's with Child sir,

Ger. How? with Child!

Dor. Yes, sir, and at least six months gone.

Ger. This is news rejoyces my very heart.

Dor. And I'm sure you would not hazard her miscarrying, ha.

Ger. By no means, my patience rather shall contend with my joy which shou'd be greatest, ha!

wish child! Heaven then I see has heard my prayer, and I'm most happy in't, I'll instantly go change my Letter then, and after a few complements, desire her father to have a special care of her delivery, as that on which all my happiness depends.

Dor. Poor Man! how glad he is?

Cly. Hilt!

Ger. And do you write too, d'ye hear? to the same effect.

Dor. I shall Sir. --- Good simple soul.

Cly. S'lid peace, he comes again.

Ger. I have forgot your Father in Law's Name now, how d'ye call him?

Dor. No matter, Sir, without giving your self that trouble, when you have writ your Letter give it me, and I will write the Superfcription.

Ger. 'Twere better 'twere all of a hand though.

Dor. Your hand or mine, all's one.

Ger. But these Country Gentlemen will easily take exceptions,

Dor. As for him he has been bred in Court.

Ger. Come, come what need all these excuses & delays tell me his name

Dor. I have forgot now.

Ger. When I say?

Dor. Pyander, Sir.

Ger. Pyander, you told me another name yesterday, and 'twas Armeden now I remember me.

Dor. Right, Sir, that is his proper name, & other only of a *Sigdonis* he has, by which he was call'd when he followed the Wars.

but now, they call him by one and t'other promiscuously, now Pyander, now Armeden.

Ger. Very likely 'tis a common abuse warranted by custom that, and I did so my self in my younger days: but I'll about my Letter.

Scene 3

Dorant, Clyton

Dor. Well, now, am I not come handsomly off?

Cly. I, but you see, a Lyar had need of a good memory.

Dor. Tush, when that fails a good wit supplies the want of it.

Cly. But the truth of this cannot be long kept hid,

and

and having taken you tripping once, they'll suspect you at every turn; and *Lucretia* and *Clarissa* know already how you've serv'd them, who offended at so sensible an affront, in just resentment of the injury, will cover you all over with shame and confusion in time assure, your self.

Dor. Th' hast reason for thy fears, and time putting me to my straits, I'll seek presently to engage my self with *Lucretia*, and see, in good time, her Woman here.

Scena 6.

Sabina, Dorant.

Clyton.

Dor. Dear *Sabina*, I was so transported yesternight with joy o'th' good news thou brought'st me, I had no leisure to reward thee for't; but thou shalt lose nothing, by my deferring it: hold thee.

Sab. O Lord Sir,

Dor. Hold I say.

Sab. Indeed, you do me wrong, Sir, I am none of those. ---

Dor. Come.

Sab. Beseech you, Sir.

Dor. I say you must,

and don't think me ingrateful unto those who do me courtesies: there

Cly. What ado's here with her?

out of mere pity I must give her some few instructions ---

Hark ye, Sweet-heart, twixt you and I,

One of your occupation should fly

This impertinent mincing, mumping, and simpering.

These cringes, reverences, and curtseling.

Take what they give you without more ado,

And if one hand suffice not stretch out two.

For me, when any o'these golden shows do fall,

I use to stretch out hands, and heart and all;

They take on all hands in this age w'are in,

And only to refuse is counted sin.

Care not for foolish honour then a rush,

One Bird i'th' hand's more worth than two i'th' bush. ---

Remember

Remember this d'ye hear, and to conclude,
To make a friendship betwixt thee and me,
If thou art content now I'll go halves with thee.

Sab. Soft, Sir, that bargain's yet to make.

Dor. Look here *Sabina*, assure thy self what I do for thee at present is nothing in comparison of what I will do hereafter, if (as t'hast done me the courtesie to bring this letter) thou'lt but return me this answer back agen.

Sab. That I shall Sir, most willingly; but whether she'l deign to receive it and read it or no, I cannot promise you, but I'll do my best.

Cly. See! she's souple as a glove now, and as kind as a young simple country Bride.

Dor. No matter, give it her, and I'll stand to my venture for the rest; the Ice is broke, and I hope she has no such great aversion from me, — within this hour I shall return to know what success t'hast had.

Sab. And by that time, I shall be able to resolve you.

Scena 7.

Clyton, Sabina.

Cly. Thou seest now my Master is a Man, whose deeds out-go his promises; and who makes no more of Gold, then Horses of Litter which they trample under foot: and I'd have thee know, I can do any thing with him.

Sab. Why, then, make it rain but more of these golden shewres, and I'd have you know, I can do any thing with my Mistress too.

Cly. Ah Sirrah! thou beginst to have a feeling of these things I see.

Sab. Wou'd you shou'd well know, for all my mincing, mumping, and simpering, my cringing reverences, and curtesying, I am not so simple as you imagine me; but understand my office, and with my *Mumpsimus* know to play my Game as well as you with your *Simpfimus*, I'll warrant you.

Cly. And if thou understandst thy office so well, tell me prethee what hope for my Master to obtain his Suit? is thy Mistress so insensible of his love as she makes shew of?

Sab. Since your Master is so honest a Gentleman, and so liberal withall, I'll tell you, whatever shew she makes, she's no ways insensible

of his affection; and could hardly sleep to night for thinking on him, and is half in love with him already, if I be not deceiv'd.

Cly. What the Devil then made her use him so scurvily as she did to Night? or what priviledge has she to use her Lovers so, more than other women? I like not this love by halves, and wou'd have you know, my Master's worth your Mistress at any time; and if he'd follow my Counsel, rather than be us'd a this manner, he shou'd even fairly leave her.

Sab. Let him not be too hasty though, for I tell ye assuredly she loves him.

Cly. She has but a harsh way of expressing it, though; and for my part, I understand not the method of it.

Sab. You must know, she holds a Woolf by the Ears of him (as they say) and wou'd fain love him, but dares not for her life, he's such a horrible Lyar; and but yesterday in the Garden, he told her so many Lyes, and to two or three others since, as 'tis a shame agen.

Cly. But your greatest Lyars tell truth somtimes.

Sab. But she's reason to suspect him, knowing him as she does.

Cly. Let her believe him but this once, and believe me, he hath nothing but sigh'd for her all this Night.

Sab. But don't you lye now as well as your Master?

Cly. Fie, that you shou'd think so?

I'm none of those I would have you to know.

Sab. Tell me true then, does he not love *Clarissa*?

Cly. I tell thee he never did.

Sab. Art sure on't?

Cly. Most certain.

Sab. Well then, let him not fear to sigh for her in vain: for no sooner *Lucretia* saw him, but she sent me presently to try what I could scrow out of him; and if he love her indeed, all will go well enough. —

Go then and let me alone, I need no farther instruction how to handle the business.

Cly. Farewell then, and take but pains in the business, and I assure thee another golden showre shall rain again.

Scena.

The Lyar.

Scena, 8.

Lucretia, Sabina.

Sab. I shall make my Mistress a glad Woman with the news I bring ;
and see her here already, she is impatient
to know it, and what this Letter says here.

Luc. Well, and what says the Man and Master?

Sab. Why, they both say like honest men, Madam,
and agree in a Tale. As for the Master,
you may see what he says by this Letter.

Luc. Let's see't,---

Reads

Doxent plays the passionate Lover here, but he's so great a Lyar,
I'm not so simple to believe a word he saith.

Sab. I believe him forsooth, no more than you,
but I believe his Pistols though.

Luc. Why, has he given thee any?

Sab. *Ecce signum.*

Luc. And how durst you take 'em?

Sab. I took 'em Madam, to free you from your solicitude,
and let you see he truly loves you ; for without loving the Mistress,
you may be sure he wou'd not have been so liberal to the maid ;
and so great a liberality besides does show, he is a
Gentleman of a noble spirit too.

Luc. Well, I'll be no hind'rance to your good fortune ;
but hereafter when you exceed your duty, look you let not me know of it..

Sab. But what return to him for his liberality?

Luc. Why, tell him I tore his Letter
without vouchsafing to read it ; nothing else.

Sab. Ay me ! there's an end of my good fortune then.

Luc. Only (of your-self) you may add a word or two
of comfort, and tell him, 'tis the nature of us Women

to be soon offended, and soon pleas'd again :

and above all advertise him, when and where

he may meet with me ; for more assurance

'tis necessary I see him often.

Sab. If you did but know forsooth, how much he suffers for you, you'd never doubt of his affection; all this live-long Night he did nothing but sigh for you.

Luc. To qualifie his sighing, give him a little hope mingl'd with much fear; and moderate it so I may not be engag'd, nor he despair.

Stechan
Claxissa, Lucretia, Sabina.

Cla. Well, now I can assure you *Dorant* is wholly yours, and I have lost him quite:

but that which comforts me in the loss of him is, *Alcippe's* Father's arriv'd, and the match concluded betwixt him and I.

Luc. You're rid of a great solicitude and trouble then.

Cla. I am so, and you like to undergo it—
mean time you'll have a fine catch of him, for d'ye know what he said?

Sab. Whatsoever he said, I dare be bound for him, body for body now he only says the truth.

Cla. Perchance he may, but 'tis a great perchance.

Luc. *Dorant* is a Lyar, I know that well enough, but one may continue telling a Lye so long, to make one doubt of the truth of it, at last.

Cla. Well, if you love him, look well unto him, be sure, and make your bargain wisely, or he'll deceive you else.

Luc. Nay I may believe him without loving him.

Cla. But th'are so near a kin, as who makes us believe they love us makes us believe them worthy of our love, and believing w'are lov'd, and loving is so nigh, one passes from the one to the other presently.

Luc. But curiosity of-times produces the same effect as love.

Cla. I'll believe you this once to do you a courtesie.

Sab. Come, come, you make me mad to hear you talk so, leave your fiddle saddles and fall roundly to work, or you'll get *Husbands* as fast as old wives crack Nuts.

Luc. Mind her not, the wench is foolish,— but pray tell me when you encount'ed him in the Garden yesterday, and gave such willing ear to his complements, was it love in you, or curiosity?

Cla. Curiosity: mere curiosity,

with intent to laugh afterwards, and make me sport at all he said.

Luc. Why, and I did the like by this Letter here, which I receiv'd and read on Curiosity, more Curiosity; with intent to laugh afterwards, and make me sport at all he writes.

Cl. I, but there's great difference though betwixt reading ones Letter, and giving ear to 'em; for the one's favour, the other but a civility: but I shall be glad if you find your count in him, who in the state I am, have no cause to envy you.

Luc. Besides know, I've given *Sabina* order to tell him I tore it without ever reading it.

Cl. And what needed that? if you read it only out of curiosity?

Luc. I, but such a curiosity as yours was, you must add that too.

Cl. Well, be it so; but 'tis time to go to the Temple!

Luc. Let's go then — And do you hear? do you as I command you.

Sab. Ne'r fear, this is not the first time I've been improv'd in these affairs: I know both your Ma ladies, and I shall go hard but I'll apply to either a convenient remedy; but know he's not a man to be delay'd & dally'd with.

Luc. I'm instructed.

Sab. For you my Friends, come you along with me, I hope shortly to get you more company.

Finis Actus quarti.

Actus.

Actus quintus. Scena prima.

Geronte, Argante.

Ar. **T**His following the Law is a troublesome business.

Ger. And why then did you not write to me to dispatch it for you? I know, besides the trouble, one of your years must needs expose his health, as well as ease, to much inconveniency, in so long a voyage as from *Poitiers* hither.

But since y^e are here, I hope to let you see, I want not friends, nor power to serve you; mean time, tell me I pray of what Fortune and Condition is *Pyramer* there?

Ar. *Pyramer*, who's that?

Ger. One of the principallst quality in *Poitiers* (they say) though none of the wealthiest.

Ar. I know none such in all the Town.

Ger. You may know him better perhaps by his other name of *Armedon*.

Ar. I know neither the one, nor the other.

Ger. Perchance you may know him better yet by being Father to *Orphisia*, so celebrated for her rare perfections, and the only admir'd Beauty in all those parts.

Ar. Believe me, *Pyramer*, *Armedon*, and *Orphisia* too, are Names unheard of, and wholly unknown to us; and if you'll not believe me, I'll bring hundreds more besides my self, to witness it.

Ger. Come, come, I know you dissemble with me now, and feign your self ignorant, thinking to do my son a courtesie; but I know all, how he lov'd *Orphisia*, how he woo'd her long, and at last by occasion of his Pistols going off, was taken in the Chamber with her, and forc'd to marry her; I know all this, and have forgiven him, and given my consent to his marriage too, wherefore you need not make it a Secret to me any longer.

Ar. I'll lay my life now, some body, to do ill offices betwixt you, has invented this *Chymical* story, names and all: I know *Dorant* more valiant and more advis'd than to be taken so tamely in such a Trap as this; wherefore I pray, believe not these false Reports.

Ger. I can hardly yet believe 'em false, being told of't by one assur'd me it was true, and knew it was indifferent unto me.

But pray in what Reputation was *Dorant* whilst he liv'd with you?

Ar. Why, he had always the repute of one who had both courage and wit enough; and both ingenious, bold, and resolute; and one (in fine) cou'd easily be Artificer of his own Fame, and make it what he wou'd only one fault he had. —

Ger. Pray what was that?

Ar. Why, 'twas a little unsafe to believe him on his word, he took such delight to deceive the world, but 'twas a fault imputed to his youth, and custom of such young Scholars as himself, but I hope he would leave that vicious craft, and unhandlome divertisement, by your example and advice, when he came to riper years, which lest he does, I can assure you 'twill much blemish his Fame and Reputation.

But I must take my leave, my business calls me.

Ger. And may you find that success in it which you desire!

Scena 2.

Geronte.

Ger. Was there ever a more unfortunate Father than I? who now plainly see my Son's a Fourbe and Lyar: And with his Lyes has not only deceiv'd me, but made me his instrument of deceiving others.

O shame of my too easie credulity, and my gray hairs! as if 'twere not enough for me to live with my own shame, but I must dye guilty of his infamy? he abuses my goodness with a feign'd story of his Adventures, & Marriage with not a word of truth in't.

Could I but meet with him, I'd make him know,

What 'tis to abuse his aged Father so.

O Sir, are you here!

Scena 3.

Dorant, Clyton, Geronte.

What ill luck had I to meet him?

Ger. Come hither, and pray tell me, are you a Gentleman?

Dor. I hope, Sir, none doubts it, being born of you.

Ger. And d'ye think that sufficient?

Dor. I do sir, and so does all France too.

Ger. And don't you know with all France, from whence this Title of Honour takes its origin? And that 'tis Virtue only enables us with that Nobility is afterwards deriv'd unto our Blood?

Dor.

Dor. I am not ignorant of that which all the world knows, that 'tis Virtue first-acquires it.

Ger. And if't be so, and contraries always work contrary effects, it clearly follows that as Virtue gives Nobility, so Vice does tak't away. Which being so, howe'r thou art my son, yet doing as thou dost, thou art no Gentleman.

Dor. How?

Ger. Peace, and hear me, Whosoe'r does any dishonourable Action, and after calls himself a Gentleman, lyes when he says it, and is no longer one; especially lying-as thou dost. Can there be any Vice more dishonourable for a Gentleman, born unto Honour, than to tell a Lye? The very name and mention of which sets such a lasting blot and ignominious stain upon his Honour, as but in's life-blood can ne'r be wash'd out again, and thou be imputed abase infamous Liar?

Dor. I! who told you so?

Ger. Who told me? tell me if thou canst thy wives name now, with the whole story of your marriage, you told me yesterday.

Cly. Tell him you have forgot it in your sleep.

Ger. Or else your Father-in-Laws name, and's Signorie, and add to your impudence and Effronterie some other stories else to couzen me.

Cly. Now Master or never make use of your memory and invention.

Ger. Mean time I (old as I am) was so foolish to believe you (I speak it to my shame) and am become the fable and mockery of every one, for my credulity. But tell me now, thou impudent Liar, did I use any violence or force thee to't? did I set a Dagger to thy Heart to make thee swad Cl-riffs? If thou hadst no mind to her, why didst not tell me so?

Ger. Canst thou think I would deny thee my consent

To marry any might be to thy content?

I denied thee not (thou seest) to marry a mere stranger? when truth (then) each might have prevail'd with me, what necessity was there to abuse me with a Lye?

Methinks this excessive goodness of mine at least

Shou'd have a little touch, and move thy Breast.

Ungrateful as thou art? but now I see

Thou hast no reverence, love, nor fear of me;

Hence, avoid my sight -- I here disclaim thee.

Dor. Good Father hear me.

Ger. What! more Lyes and new deceits?

Dor.

Dor. No, but perfect truth.

Ger. Was ever any in thy mouth?

Cly. Beswew me, there he touches you home Master, how you'll defend your self. I know not.

Dor. Hap'ning to see the fair *Lucretia*, (I'm sure you know her) at first sight of her,

I was so taken, 'twas impossible for me
Ever to get loose from that sweet Captivity.

Ger. On — I know her well,
and her Father is my Friend, — but look you do not *ye*.

Cly. And that will be very hard for him to do.

Dor. After which the very name of *Clarissa*, and all women too besides becoming odious to me, I feign'd this marriage only to avoid the marrying her; (not knowing that feigning in Love was any Crime) nor durst I tell you of it, till I might know whether *Lucretia's* Birth and Fortunes were answerable to your desire: which now finding both noble and competent I dare, with more confidence beseech you, Sir, by all the ties of Love and Consanguinity may bind a Father and a Son, you'd second my desire, and give your consent that I may marry her.

Ger. You'll deceive me once again?

Dor. If you won't believe me, believe *Clydon* here,
who knows all my secrets.

Ger. Methinks thou shouldst even die for shame,
That I thy Father should more credit one
That's but his servant, than thee his son.

But that thou mayst see my paternal love to thee, and how good I am, once more (spight of my anger) I'll try thee, and hazard again the being once more deceiv'd. I know *Lucretia* well, and will demand her of her Father; but if afterwards I find the least impediment on *thy* part —

Dor. For more assurance I'll go along with you.

Ger. No, do not; do not follow me; once more I'll try thee, though I misdoubt thee still: and if thou dost deceive me, look thou die my presence, for by this heavenly light

(Remember my Oath) and you bright sun that shines,
Thou ne'r shalt dye by other hands than mine.

Remember.

Scena 5

Dorans, Clydon.

Cor. Ha, ha, ha! these threat'nings fright me not.

Cly.

Cly. Faith Master, you yielded too soon then, and thou'd have stood out a little longer, if you had any courage in you, and deceiv'd him the third time; there's good luck in odd numbers, they say.

Dor. Peace, and leave your fooling or you'll anger me. I am not i'th' humour now, but am troubl'd in mind.

Cly. Perhaps 'tis for having told Truth this once. If this of your love to *Lucretia* ben't a Lye too; for I begin now to suspect every thing you say, and know you so well, I understand you by contraries.

Dor. No, no, thy suspicions are vain, for I love *Lucretia*; love her heartily; but that which troubles me, is to think of the hazard I run by declaring my love so soon; for if her father thou'd deny her I'm utterly lost, and shipwrackt in the port; beside, who knows where she'll continue constant? But that which chiefly troubles me (to tell thee true) is to have seen one with her so charming fair, as now I better consider her; it grieves me to have given my heart away before; and if 'twere to do again, I should not know whether o' er two yet I should give it to

Cly. Why then were you so earnest

to have your Father demand *Lucretia* for you?

Dor. Pho, he would not have believ'd me else.

Cly. So, upon the matter you told him a Lye, even when you thought you told him true.

Dor. There was no other way to appease his anger. But mischief on him for me that disabus'd him, I might have had time and leisure enough to have consider'd whot have choisen of the two.

Cly. And you know that other (*Lucretia*'s bosom friend and inseparable companion) is no other than *Clarissa*?

Dor. Why then I have done my self a good office, though it troubles me, and I envy *Alicippe*'s happiness; but my comfort is he has but my leavings, and so I'll leave the thought of her.

Cly. As easily it seems as you did *Orphisia*'s.

Dor. Let's go then and restore *Lucretia* the same inviolable faith she had before, and in good time behold *Sabina*.

Scena 5.

Sabina, Dorant, Clyton.

Dor. What hast done with my Letter? hast thou deliver'd it to her fair hands?

Sab. I have Sir, but --

Dor. What but?

Sab. She tore it all to pieces.

Dor.

Dor. What, without reading it?

Sab. I Sir,

Dor. And wvouldst thou let her?

Sab. Alas, Sir, I could not help it; she has so rated me for't, 'twould have pirtied ye to hear it; and has turn'd me ayvay upon't; I'm quite undone.

Dor. Sh'st take thee again ne'r fear it, mean time there's somvwhat to comfort thee.

Sab. O Lord, Sir —

Cly. See! she's at her Reverences again, and hovv soon she's comforted?

Dor. Thou shalt to her again, go, I've not lost all my hopes yet, and did she fear my Letter, sayst thou?

Sab. Indeed Sir, she bid me tell you so; but to deal ingenuously *with you* —

Cly. This is no cunning Quean!

Sab. She did not, but read it all over, vwhy thou'd I hold to brave a Gentleman longer in suspence?

Cly. If there be a Cunniger betvixt this and *Rome*, I'll go thither barefoot.

Dor. Why then by this account she does not hate me?

Sab. O Lord, Sir, no!

Dor. But does she love me?

Sab. Neither.

Dor. That's strange? does she love any other?

Sab. Much less.

Dor. What then may I hope for from her?

Sab. Nay, I knowv not.

Dor. Come, prethee tell me.

Sab. What should I tell you?

Dor. Why, the truth.

Sab. I have told it you already.

Dor. Dos't think she'll ever love me?

Sab. Perhaps.

Dor. But vwhen?

Sab. When she believes you, not before.

Dor. Thou mak'st me happy; for by this time, she loves me then, and can no longer doubt of my affection; for my Father —

Sab. Peace. Here she comes, and *Clarissa* vwith her.

Scene.

Dor.

Sab.

Scene 16.

Glaziffa, Lucretia, Sabina, Dorant, Chylon.

Cla. Well, perchance he may have told you true; but he is not often guilty of that fault; wherefore knowing him as you do, precipitate nothing; let me advise you.

Dor. Admirable Beauty, who only can dispose of all my happiness and unhappiness.

Cla. One would think he spoke to me, his Eyes are fixt upon me.

Luc. He glanc'd them on you by chance (perhaps) or so, but his words were directed unto me: let's observe him farther.

Dor. Alas! in your absence, in what a mighty pain was I, and how by dear experience now I find to be but a moment absent from those we love, is an age of torment to a lovers mind.

Cla. Still he continues!

Luc. But see what he writes.

Cla. But hark what he says.

Luc. You take what he says to me, as said unto your self.

Cla. We shall see that. -- Do you love me then Dorant?

Dor. Alas, is my love become then so indifferent a thing to ye, since I was wholly yours, you should question that now?

Cla. D'ye mark? What think you now?

Is this discourse directed unto you or me?

Luc. I knew not what to think.

Cla. But let's hear out the whole imposture.

Luc. Indeed 'tis a little gross, considering what we know.

Dor. I do not like this whispering, -- beseech you Lady, whatever she says unto you believe her not; consulting of my Life and Happiness, admit more favourable Councillors than she, who has some reason I grant to have a pique against me.

Luc. I have but too much indeed, and if I don't revenge me.

Cla. 'Tis somewhat strange indeed, what she has told me.

Dor. Believe her not I beseech you, 'tis only some invention of her jealous thoughts.

Cla. I believe so, -- but in fine, are you sure you know me?

Dor. Know you! pray no more of this Rattle. Are not you she I had the Honour yesterday to entertain in the Theatre, and who since I've made the absolute Mistress of my Heart?

Cla. Which you have since given away to another, if I may believe her.

Dor. I given it away unto another ! rather let me die here at your feet, your angers sacrifice.

Cl. Nay more, she says y^e are married to another too.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha ! nay, now I see, you say all this indeed, in Rail-ry to make you sport, and here me often repeat again, and again, that I am only yours.

Cl. And that you said, before you'd be married to me, you'd be married in *Turkie*.

Dor. I, and if they please in *Angies*'s too, before I'll marry any one but you.

Cl. And that y^e had nothing but *Aversion* for *Clarissa*.

Dor. Come, come, what need this? you know the whole *Mysterie* of it, and that I do all, I can to marry you.

Cl. I can't tell what to think of 't now my self. -- Hark ye *Lucretia*!

Dor. How! she *Lucretia*?

Cl. Oh! are you advis'd of that now? did I not tell you so, and you'd not believe me.

Dor. It cannot be, I'm sure I knew her by her voice to Night.

Cl. You were deceiv'd; 'twas *Clarissa* spake, 't ye under *Lucretia*'s Name, *Sabina* has told me all.

Dor. I! was't so, well, say no more, keep my Counsel, and thou shalt see how handsomly I'll come off; and without changing discourse, only change battery, and in a quick turn make all good again. I began to find her handsome before, and had a secret inclination to love her, which now I'm fully resolv'd to do; and so that was my Error, shall be my Judgment too.

Cl. Now put him to his last Test of his impudence, and see how confounded, and ashamed he'll be.

Cl. Well, Sir, in a word, that as my Friend, has told me, how you courted her to Night, and how you slighted me. Pray who is't of us two that is deceiv'd? for one it needs must be; and you spoke to her so lovingly and amorously to Night, it makes me think,

Dor. Who I! protest I ne'r spoke to any one but you.

Cl. And did you not speak to *Lucretia* then to Night?

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! nay, I did not know you by your voice.

Cl. I think at last he will begin to tell truth indeed.

Dor. You would fain put a stick upon me, and I let you go, to be reveng'd of you, and feign'd I did not know you. But alas, alas, I was so simple, the deceit was too gross, and pray learn against another time

time to choose better by their Physiognomies, those you'd put tricks on, for I am none of them. — You thought to deceive me, and I deceiv'd you; only my flightings of you were feign'd to be reveng'd on you. For in fine I love you, and shou'd hate my life if any moment of it were spent in any thing, but only in serving you.

Cl. And if this be true, why did you feign your self married when you shou'd have married me? I do not see what end you could have in that?

Luc. Or why wou'd you write me this Letter if 'twere not for love of me?

Dor. How I love the hidden cause of this anger now? that needs must be the love of me, since y^e are displeas'd at my loving her; wherefore having enough dissembl'd, I here declare, fairest *Lucretia*, 'tis you I love, not her.

Cl. Was there ever a greater Impostor? how can you indure to hear him?

Dor. Stay, and when y^e have heard me out, you can no ways doubt of the truth of that I say. Understanding of *Clarissa*'s intent to Night, under your Name to deceive me; and how you were consenting to it too; to revenge me gently on you, I said something, I grant that might have offended you.

Luc. But what said you yesterday in the *Thuisleries*?

Dor. My Compliments 'tis true, were to *Clarissa*, but my heart to you.

Cl. Out upon him! can you have any patience to indure him longer?

Dor. And there 'twas your fair eyes kindled that fire in me; I durst not let appear, till I might see whether my Father wou'd approve my flame or no: And as all the rest of my discourse to her was only feign'd, so that I told her of my being so long in Town, and coming from the Wars, was a mere Fiction too.

Cl. D'y^e mark how he goes heaping Lyes upon Lyes, and does nothing but juggle with us?

Dor. In fine, dear, dear *Lucretia*, you are she alone to whom I have dedicated all my affection.

Luc. Your actions so little confirm your words as I can scarce believe 'em.

Dor. But if my Father be gone to demand you of your Father, will you believe me then?

Luc. After so clear a Testimony as that, I should consult my serious thoughts perhaps whether I should or no.

The Lye.

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Dor. I doubt not then, but shortly you will see these clouds of doubt
all disperse and dissipated by the light of the verity. Mean time *Clarissa*, be-
twixt you and I, love your *Alcippe*, who had had no part in ye, but for my
feign'd marriage. But this he shall never know for me; and see where
he comes here.

Scena 8.

Alcippe and *Geronte* several ways;

Lyceria, *Clarissa*, *Sabina*, *Dorant*, *Clyton*.

Al. Our Parents are agree'd, and *Clarissa* you are mine.

Ger. And as for your fair *Lyceria*

he has consented *Dorant* shou'd marry you.

Al. Least sign of your hands then, the business is done.

Ger. And as for you, least words of your mouth, will do the business too.

Dor. Sweetest, deny me not that happiness.

Al. What are they both dumb? that they hold their peace.

Cly. My Father, in fine, may absolutely dispose of me.

Lyc. And I am all obedience up to mine.

Ger. Come then and prove the sweet effects of his Commandments.

Al. And you, that of yours,

Sab. Now y're married, farewell my golden days.

You have no need of my office any more.

Dor. Fear not, I'll be more liberal then e'r I was before.

Exit.

The Epilogue spoken by *Clyton*.

TO Lye is nothing, but do it so dextrously,

As not to be intangled in a lie.

There's the Art of it, and I'll forbid any one,

To do it so dextrously as *Dorant* has done.

And those who will not fail in the dexterity,

Let them come often here, and learn to lie.

Mal. 88(5)